

# THE WIVYER

Saturday, March 2, 1867.



(Drawn by W. SMALL.)

"They ran to each with their faces upturned for the kiss of greeting."—p. 370.

## THE RIGHT OF WRONG.—I.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE, AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP'S WALLET."

"NO letters this morning!" said young Henry Winter, with a sigh, and a hasty slamming of the letter-box. "I'm getting out of patience."

He returned back to the parlour, where his

mother was at breakfast, and sat down moodily to his meal. Mrs. Winter regarded him in silence, and with that yearning mother's look which can find no expression in words.

"Nothing seems to go right," said Henry, breaking the silence. "And strive as one will, there is nothing but disappointment."

"Don't say that, Henry," said his mother. "I'm sure we have many things to be thankful for, in spite of our misfortunes. You must have patience."

The simple widow's cap which formed Mrs. Winter's head-dress told its own story, which the black habiliments of her son, and more than one sombre token in the room, fully confirmed. Henry met his mother's earnest gaze for a moment, and then bent his eyes upon the ground abashed.

"Am I so impatient, mother?" he asked.

"I mean you are too anxious, Henry," replied Mrs. Winter. "Everything will take its time, and we must wait. I do not blame you. It is very natural, I know; but you must not worry yourself so, or you will be ill. And you know, Henry," she added, with a smile, "we all depend upon you now; you are the master of the house."

At this moment two children, a bright boy and girl, of some ten or twelve years of age, came tripping in, with "Good morning, ma," and "Good morning, Harry," on their lips, as they ran to each with their faces upturned for the kiss of greeting. Their cheerful, musical voices had their full effect in checking the flood of grief which had threatened to overtake Mrs. Winter, and added to the force of Henry's frank expression of hopeful submission. The tear which quivered on the widow's eyelid was brushed hastily away, the shadow passed from her face, and with a beaming look of resignation, she murmured, half aloud, half to herself, "God's will be done!"

It need scarcely be said that Death had lately dealt a terrible stroke in this family. He had struck down its head, in the fulness of his strength, and the prime of his years. Scarcely a month had elapsed since the elder Mr. Winter had been laid in his grave. It was an early grave, for he had not numbered fifty years on the day of his death, and his work seemed only to have well begun. In his early life he had struggled manfully against many difficulties, and had at length, by dint of hard work, and considerable natural ability, overcome the most of them. He had established a lucrative business as a leather-seller; he had won for himself a character of rectitude and assiduity; he had, with the affectionate help of his wife, reared a hopeful family in a useful, industrious, pious life; and he was universally trusted and beloved. He was called away in the ripeness of his success.

Young Henry Winter had some of the best qualities which had distinguished his father. He had, indeed, been his father's right hand, during latter years, in the more active part of his busi-

ness, and, like him, was energetic, untiring, and sanguine. He was barely of age, and the duties of life, while his father lived, had not pressed hardly upon him. He had had little occasion for serious thought, for the elder Winter, with care and painstaking, had hitherto led him into the path he was to follow; and such was his reverence for his father, and such the simple habits of their home, that although a grown man, young Henry had much of the reliance and simplicity of a child.

He had need of all his strength, in the new position in which he found himself so unexpectedly placed. In resolution and probity he was fully equal to his task, but—and it was naturally to be expected—he was over-anxious, too sanguine, and apt to be despondent upon insufficient grounds. There were some circumstances, too, which met him at the outset of his labours, of a discouraging kind, and they, as will have been inferred, harassed and irritated him. They were these:—Mr. Winter the elder had begun life with the barest possible pittance. He had practically no capital; and when, after several years' unremitting labour, he found himself steadily advancing, his best projects were thwarted, and his best hopes unfulfilled, for want of adequate means to realise them. Under these circumstances, Winter had done what thousands of our best men had done before him: he sought out a partner with adequate capital to support him in his undertakings, and, consequently, to share in his success. Nor had he ever given reason to suppose that he regretted his choice. His business, under its double head, prospered beyond expectation, and the firm of Winter and Standish took an honourable place in trade circles.

Out of this partnership arose young Henry Winter's first great disappointment. When the shock of his father's death, brought on by cold, and neglect of ordinary precautions, had become so far alleviated as to permit him to consider his future course, his first resolution was to uphold the firm his father had so honourably established, and by taking his father's place, endeavour to maintain it at its present height of prosperity, and, if possible, increase its repute. If this conclusion had something of egotism in it, it was the egotism of unreflecting youth, and had its source in the natural pride with which he regarded his father's memory.

It did not occur to Henry that there was any difficulty in this arrangement until he waited upon Mr. Standish to explain his intentions, and to ask his formal consent to co-operate with him. The answer of Mr. Standish was abrupt and decided.

"I have other intentions," said he. Mr. Standish was a short, bull-headed man, with a shock of close, crisp hair. He was precise and brief of speech, and had very little polish of manners.

"But, Mr. Standish," faltered Henry, "I do not quite understand."

"I have other intentions," repeated Mr. Standish.

"It was my father's business," said Henry, colouring a little.

"And mine," added Mr. Standish, with a strong emphasis on the latter word. "It was your father's business and mine while your father lived. Now, if it is anybody's business, it is mine."

"I have regarded this as an inheritance, Mr. Standish," exclaimed Henry, warmly; "and I am sure my father intended it should be so."

Mr. Standish shrugged his shoulders as if in commiseration; then added, "A man can't will away his business, whatever else he may give and bequeath. Death kills partnerships along with the partners."

"That may be," answered Henry, stung by this cold allusion to his great misfortune; "but I claim the right to trade in the name of the firm of which my father was the head."

"You may trade in your own name, Mr. Winter," cried Mr. Standish, with an authoritative bounce of the head; "but you don't trade in mine."

"Surely, sir," demanded Henry, growing faint with a terrible suspicion, "you do not dispute my right to my father's share of the business?"

"Certainly not," was the brusque answer; "and you must not dispute mine. The debts of the firm of Winter and Standish first paid—and there are a few, I can tell you—the remainder will be divided into two equal parts, and one of these parts is yours, always supposing you are your father's legal representative."

"And am I to understand that you insist upon making this division, and so breaking up the firm?"

"I don't know about breaking up the firm; but so far as the partnership is concerned, it is at an end, and not to be renewed—that is my intention."

"And to trade in your own name upon the name of the firm?"

"That's my business," was the curt reply. "I dare say I shall do nothing wrong."

Henry went home with a burning head and a throbbing heart to communicate these unexpected tidings to his mother. He was indignant beyond all measure, but knew not how to give his indignation practical vent. All his proud hopes and bright visions seemed at once to melt into air, and leave him without a definite object in life. He shrank from the idea of entering into competition with his late father's partner, who held possession of the ground, as it were, and who had the whole strings in his hand by which the business of the firm would be moved. To venture upon such an undertaking seemed to be to commence business under every disadvantage, and to

require an energy and an amount of knowledge which he did not possess. Mrs. Winter was equally shocked with her son at what they both regarded as a consummate piece of treachery on the part of Mr. Standish. Was not this a cruel wrong! they exclaimed together; and how little could the dear dead husband and father have anticipated such an act? It was evident that Mr. Standish intended to usurp, if possible, the whole reputation of the old firm to his own advantage. And who was to prevent him? The mother, like the son, feared to embark upon a new enterprise, or to enter into a struggle for position—a struggle necessarily to be conducted in difficulty and rancour—with one so strong and so well entrenched as was Mr. Standish. They might fail, and lose all. Was not this a cruel wrong? Unhappily, too, it was a wrong for which there was no legal remedy. Still, looking calmly at the matter, the Winters were not without resources. Let them take comfort in that. Half the capital of the late firm of Winter and Standish must come to their share, and it should be something considerable. Deeply as they felt the injury contemplated, and, indeed, already half accomplished by Mr. Standish, in establishing himself as the sole representative of the old firm, they did not for a moment suspect him of any dishonest intentions in dealing with the share of his late partner. The first was a trade trick; the second would be a crime, for which there was a legal punishment. Henry had already almost acquiesced in the arrangement which had at first wounded him so deeply, and, with his mother's concurrence, was seeking about him for some new occupation by which he should be able profitably to employ the legacy left to his charge for the benefit of the family. He had even begun to take a pleasure in searching the columns of the *Times* for "eligible investments," and had already answered innumerable advertisements for situations, any one of which was, to judge by its own terms, equal to a fortune. Thus it was he watched the letter-box, and fretted at the absence of the expected epistles.

At length there came a letter, heralded by that thundering rat-tat of the postman. It was from Mr. Standish. It was written in brief, set terms, and appointed the following day for the delivery of a statement of the late Mr. Winter's affairs. At length, then, there was to be a settlement, and the Winters were to know their real position. Although the letter was addressed to Mrs. Winter, as executrix, the good woman could on no account be brought to undertake the trial of an interview with Mr. Standish, whom she regarded as little better than a despoiler of her children; and Henry naturally became her deputy. To him the proposed meeting, although distasteful and fraught with anxiety, came with a strong hope, and a

certain pride anticipative of triumph; and he entered the private room of Mr. Standish at the appointed hour with head erect, and a consciousness of dignity. Mr. Standish received him with an affability he had not expected, remembering as he did the incidents of the last meeting. There was even an expression of kindness, almost of pity, in his manners, which disarmed Henry Winter at once of his hauteur. There was no dallying with the question which had brought them together. The table was laden with huge tomes and sheets of foolscap neatly folded, containing exhaustive summaries of their contents. Thus the case stood:—the whole property of the firm at the death of Mr. Winter, the senior partner, in plant, stock, good debts, and cash, in gross, amounted to £3,600.

Henry breathed more freely.

Against this sum were to be placed liabilities amounting also in gross to £700.

"Nearly £3,000 clear," thought Henry.

In addition to a private loan, advanced by John Robert Standish, of £800, exclusive of interest for the five months previous to the death of Mr. Henry Winter, Senior.

"£800—private loan!" stammered Henry.

"Due to me," said Mr. Standish, with inexorable distinctness, but with unusual suavity, "together with interest for five months, at five per cent., making a further sum of £18 3s. 4d."

"I suppose this loan is quite regular?" Henry ventured to suggest, his lips cleaving together.

"I am not at all surprised at your asking the question, Mr. Winter," replied Mr. Standish. "It is quite right you should do so. The loan was perfectly regular; here are the proofs. It was advanced soon after I entered into partnership with your respected father, and was originally a loan of £1,000."

Henry looked over these proofs with a dimmed but eager eye. There was an acknowledgment of the debt in his father's own handwriting—he knew the signature well; there was an entry in the cash-book to the full amount; and, on the same day, the exact sum duly credited by the bank; there, again, were divers entries of interest paid to "Mr. Standish on account of loan;" and

as a final proof, two separate sums of £100 each credited as instalments paid off the original debt.

The stock was entered in the books at £1,400; the fixtures and plant at £300; there was £700 in cash at the bank; and the assets stood at £1,200. That was correct, he thought? Henry nodded assent.

The final settlement would be, of course, a matter of time. But Mr. Standish was willing to devote £500 of the cash in hand for immediate division, and would liquidate the debts, including his own loan, as the assets accrued. Of course he should expect interest. The plant he would be content to take at a valuation; and there then remained the stock—what about the stock?

"Will you not take that as it stands in the books?" inquired Henry, anxiously.

"By no means. Absurd!"

"At a valuation, then?"

"Nor at a valuation," answered Mr. Standish, in his less urbane manner. "To be brief, my proposition is this:—allowing for the payment of liabilities, your share, Mr. Winter, as it stands in the books, is £1,040 odd; of this sum £850 is stock and plant, and therefore not worth more than half what it cost. I'll give you £500 for your share—and that's liberal, and add £190 cash, and there you have £690 clear."

"£690 for £1,040!" exclaimed Henry, aghast.

"And a very fair offer too. Take it or leave it. If you don't like that, I'll put up the plant and old stock at auction, and sell them for what they'll fetch."

Henry did not venture to reply. He was choking with disappointment and anger. He had mentally summed his share at £1,500, and it had dwindled down to less than half. But he restrained himself while he made the necessary notes for his own use, and then strode out of the house.


That morning's interview had made a great change in Henry Winter. He had gone into Mr. Standish's house with an inflated notion of becoming suddenly the possessor of a considerable sum of unearned money; he left it humbled and disappointed, but full of a great purpose.

(To be concluded.)

## RUTH.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH M'CORMICK, M.A.

### LESSONS.

HE kindness of Boaz had not ceased. There were indirect as well as direct ways of assisting and comforting Ruth. He bade his young men casually to drop a few ears of corn, for her to pick up. A few ears of corn were not much to

him; but how welcome to her! He would not miss them; to her they were treasures. And are not the followers of Christ sustained by indirect as well as direct means? Those chance circumstances which have been of material assistance to them, were of their Master's gracious appointment. That money which came in such a strange



way, came out of his coffers. That acquaintance so singularly brought about was according to his will. He put it into the heart of that Christian to breathe the prayer which led to his friend's conversion. He enabled that pastor so to speak as to save an immortal soul. He maketh all things work together for good to them that love God. Even when the day is dark, and there is no sense of his presence, his hand is arranging everything. A little care, and the ears of corn—those very blessings which are desired—will be seen within reach.

Ruth knew not of Boaz's orders, nor of their benefit to herself; and neither are Christians aware of what the Lord is doing for them. Let a few years pass by; let the throne be set, and the books opened; let the multitudes from every part of earth and heaven be gathered together; let the great day of the Lord come, and all shall be revealed. Then the mysteries of this life—God's strange dealings with his people—shall be solved; and in the light of Christ's surpassing glory, it shall be manifest how good and gracious the Lord hath been. And then every act—not only the mighty deeds of the rich, but the less ostentatious but equally worthy deeds of the poor; the gift of a fortune or of a penny, of costly provisions or of a few ears of corn, ay, of a cup of water—shall be recounted and rewarded.

Reader, let Ruth teach thee a lesson or two.

Art thou poor? Ruth in this respect was like thee. What did this thy sister in her hour of need? Did she fold her hands, lament over her sad condition, and wait for the charitable to come and relieve her? No such thing. She considered what work she was capable of performing, and zealously began it. Imitate her, if old age or sickness doth not prevent thee. God never made thee to be idle or discontented. That poverty which is the result of laziness is a disgrace. It is a sin for the careless and inactive to look for charitable aid, for they are striving to rob the really needy, the aged and the infirm of their subsistence. Every high-principled person will be ready to say, "To beg I am ashamed."

Hast thou a poor relative or friend dependent upon thee? Ruth in this respect also was like thee. She had to comfort and sustain aged and widowed Naomi. What did this thy sister? Did she grumble at the task allotted her? Did she call, or even think, her relative a burden? By no means. She loved Naomi, and considered it a pleasure to minister to her necessities. In performing her duty in a proper spirit, did she fail? Wilt thou be unsuccessful if thou dost imitate her? Are there not numbers of persons around thee who would act towards thee as Boaz did to Ruth, if they knew that thou wert sustaining an aged and infirm relative or friend—who would speak kindly to thee,

encourage thee in thy labour of love, cast in thy way those things which would be of value to thee, and pray God bless thee? My advice to thee is, follow Ruth.

But I cannot guarantee thee absolute success in thy endeavours to support thyself or others, unless thou dost imitate that blessed woman in another respect; and what that is I will show thee by asking, art thou poor in spirit? Poverty of spirit led Ruth to trust in God. She had confidence in the Lord God of Israel, and put herself under his wings. She gave up the world, sin, and the worship of false gods, and cast herself upon the love and mercy of Jehovah. Her heart was in heaven, and little cared she as to the nature of the road by which her body would be brought there also. She worked, because God required her to be diligent. She took care of Naomi, because he had given her into her hands to be sustained and comforted, and because he had taught her to love her. She was sure that in thus doing her duty he would not forsake her, but would uphold her, and bestow upon her all that she needed. Imitate her. "My son," says God, "give me thine heart." This is the groundwork of all true obedience.

Fasting, church-going, alms-giving, praying, reading, working, martyrdom are of no avail, unless the heart be right with God. The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, through means of Christ's finished work, alone begets those deeds which the holy God calls good. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (love), I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Ruth, I doubt not, had learned that God loved her, and she loved him in return; and because this was the case, her gifts and labours were sanctified. In her poverty of spirit do thou accept God's statement concerning Christ. Be able honestly to say with St. John and the saints of his day, "We love him because he first loved us." Then thou shalt not want the necessities of life. God will be known and appreciated as thy Father. The Saviour bids thee look at the ravens and the sparrows, and asks who feeds them. He answers, "Thy heavenly Father;" and he tells thee that thou art of "more value than many sparrows." He invites thee to consider the lilies—those pure and lovely flowers, whose dress is so perfect—and reminds thee that "thy heavenly Father" clothes them, and asks if he will not also clothe thee. And then he solemnly promises thee both food and clothing if

thou art a bonâ-fide member of his Church—not a nominal, but a real Christian—in these words, “Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto thee.” Have faith in God, thy Father, who is in heaven.

Boaz was like Ruth in being poor in spirit. Though a rich man, he was lowly in heart. Perhaps thou art not in any temporal need. Art thou poor in spirit? If so, “blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven.” Do not forget the Ruths of this age; imitate Boaz, and be kind to them. A friendly greeting, a little interest in their welfare, a word of comfort or encouragement, a trifling gift of money, would often gladden their heart. Nay, I bid thee follow a greater than Boaz, and yet One who in humility was less than the least in the kingdom of heaven—the adorable and blessed Jesus, “the friend of publicans and sinners.”

Reader, as our thoughts dwell upon the harvest-scene which I have endeavoured to describe, let us

hope that England’s harvests may be conducted as that of Boaz was; that our masters and their servants may honour God and love one another, and that the gleaners may ever be kindly treated.

There is another harvest in which we are engaged. “The field is the world;” the harvest is the word of God; the reapers, divided into various companies, are Christians; the stewards are Christ’s ministers; Jesus is the master—the spiritual Boaz. He knows the boundaries of his own property—the Church: the narrow ditches and fences, which man has made, are nought to him. For all in his employment he has made every provision. Christians, I greet you in the name of our Master—“the Lord be with you.” “Put ye in the sickle: the harvest is ripe.” Gather in the bread of life that you may feed your hungry souls. Keep within the Church, beloved. Hold fast by the maidens—the virgins—Christ’s people. “O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherd’s tents.”

## THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.



IN the site of the old family mansion of the Newports stands Newport Market, the most abominable and filthy place in all Soho. The stench from the slaughter-houses is overpowering, and when they remove the putrid blood and offal it is positively unbearable. There is also a “tripe” establishment under the same roof, which on “boiling days” is enough to poison the whole neighbourhood. As may be imagined, the social condition of the inhabitants corresponds but too well with the wretched character of the locality. The houses are crowded from the kitchens to the garrets—each room, however small, is occupied by a family; while the cellars and backyards are for the most part in a condition highly favourable to an outbreak of cholera. Many of the people sell fish or vegetables in the streets, and the refuse accumulates until it is some feet in depth. If you disturb this reeking mass, you will discover insects, maggots, and the other forms of animal life that swarm in decaying matters. In fact, “a life below stairs, the very reverse of comedy,” for it often leads to a tragedy of the most heartrending character. You can scarcely stand near the gratings of the cellars, so sickening are the odours emitted from the festering heaps below. The streets are very little better. If the scavenger’s cart visited squalid, filthy neighbourhoods like this as often as it does the West-end squares, where there is a chance of the men occasionally finding a stray

silver spoon, or a lost ring in the rubbish, contracts would be more faithfully performed, and the public health promoted.

The sense of security entertained by the public would be somewhat disturbed if they were aware of the fearful amount of crime that is perpetrated in the low districts of the metropolis with complete impunity. The victims are too poor to offer a reward, there is little to stimulate official zeal, consequently nothing is heard of the matter. It is dangerous for an unprotected female to pass through Newport Market at night; even the inhabitants cannot leave the slightest article without losing it. If a poor woman goes down-stairs to get water, and forgets to lock her door, she will probably find, on her return, the most portable pieces of her furniture taken away. As one of the residents said, “This is the place for young thieves, sir, for you see it’s kind of shut in like; not that they all belongs here, for many of ’em comes from round-about. You can’t hardly leave nothing down at your very feet, and turn your back, but it’s gone.”

On our first visit we saw a house in Market Street with all the upstairs window-frames entirely empty; and, on inquiry, found that they had been demolished a short time back by a mob composed of the worst characters of the district, who had some spite against the somewhat eccentric, but industrious and clever old man residing in it. About ten at night they assembled before his door, and after singing a kind of war-song, commenced

the attack by throwing stones through the openings in the shutters; next they broke open the door, the poor old man rushed out, but was soon driven back into the passage, when a sharp stone hit him in the neck and cut open a blood-vessel. The lodgers in the house carried him to his room and procured a doctor, but for some weeks his life was despaired of. Meanwhile his assailants carried off his tools, and everything else they could lay their hands upon. While, not satisfied with the mischief already done, they made another attack on the premises a few nights afterwards, while he was lying betwixt life and death, and committed fresh depredations. The parish authorities sent him a nurse, and took an inventory of his property. On his recovery, he lodged his complaint at several police-offices; but not one of the offenders has been arrested, and the poor old man is without redress to this day.

A little farther on our attention was directed to a man sitting on a costermonger's barrow smoking his pipe, and watching two small boys playing cards in the roadway, with all the keenness of experienced gamblers. You would scarcely think, to look at him, that his wife was murdered in the Seven Dials a few weeks ago. She had been "on the Dials," as they call it, drinking, and was trying to find her way home, when some ruffians assailed her: first her money was taken from her; then her shawl was stripped from her shoulders; next her boots were drawn from her feet; while, last of all, the poor helpless creature was so frightfully kicked that she died three days afterwards. The perpetrators of this dreadful crime have never been discovered. The lowest class of Irish abound here, and so long as they have the means of obtaining drink they quarrel and fight the livelong day. Whenever their part of the district is quiet, you may be sure that money is scarce, and that they are compelled to work.

The first indications of "a row" seems to act upon them like a trumpet-call upon soldiers; they rush forth in swarms from the houses, you wonder wherever they come from, and encourage the combatants in language of the foulest kind. The quantity of liquor many of these people can take is something surprising. A man died here lately who used to drink half a gallon of rum a day; he kept a fish-stall in a neighbouring street, and did well, but his money was chiefly spent in drink. His deathbed was a fearful scene. It was evident that he had something to reveal—some crime to confess; but he put it off till it was too late, and "died and made no sign." There is reason to believe that he had occasioned the death of his daughter by breaking her spine, and also that he had shortened the days of his first wife. This is his widow coming along the street; she is a little excited to day, for two of her sons

have just come out of prison, where they have had to spend three months for throwing her down with great violence and stamping upon her bosom, while their father lay dying. Not a cheering family picture this; and yet it is well that our readers should know that such things occur in the DEEPER DEPTH.

A great many of the Irish here are tailors, working for the "slop-shops," and they are described by one who knows them well as "twice as wretched as the labourers, and thrice so as the shoemakers." When, however, they have children old enough to help them in their work, they do pretty well, notwithstanding the low prices they are paid. The shoemakers are for the most part infidels, or, as they choose to call themselves, "freethinkers;" and they are never better pleased than when they can give the missionary of the district—a man admirably adapted to his position—"a hard nut to crack." It is a pleasing fact that the good missionary's efforts on behalf of these freethinkers have not all been in vain. One of them, formerly his bitterest opponent, is now his most earnest helper, and has opened his room for the preaching of the Gospel.

Our brethren who labour in the DEEPER DEPTH have much to endure. Those who sneer at their efforts have probably little if any idea of the constant strain upon them. It is one thing to utter generous sentiments towards the poor, and another to go amongst them, to spend eight or ten hours daily, climbing rickety stairs, going from room to room, breathing a vitiated atmosphere, bending over sick beds, in close contact with disease in all its repulsiveness, and with death in all its ghastliness. And yet they often witness scenes which go far to reconcile them to the arduous work they have undertaken—scenes which prove that the lowest in the social scale can be the subjects of sentiments that would do honour to the highest; scenes in which disinterested affection, self-sacrifice, and patient resignation shine all the brighter because of the dark background of utter destitution with which they are contrasted. "If Jesus was on earth now, we should send to him, as Martha and Mary did, and we believe he'd come and help us," said a poor woman to the writer, as she bent over her son, a young man of thirty, who had been brought by a spinal disease of nine years' duration almost to skin and bone. When the Christian visitor meets with faith and hope under such trying circumstances, he loses sight of the miserable surroundings of its possessor; the wretched cellar or garret is transformed into a high and holy place, in which angels minister, and which seems to lie only just outside the gate of heaven.

The cases of poverty and suffering that presented themselves to our notice were sad enough

in all reason. In almost the first house we entered we found a poor widow fast sinking in consumption. She was lying with her head at the foot of the bedstead, so that she might obtain a little fresh air from the open window. She has four children; the eldest, a girl of sixteen, earns 8s. a week at a greengrocer's, and this is all they have to live upon, while the rent they pay out of it for the miserable room they occupy is 3s. a week. Her husband was a Scotchman. She feels leaving her children very much: it was pitiable to see her wring her wasted hands, and hear her cry, "Oh, how can I leave my little Mary and my little Tommy!—oh, how can I leave them!" She is a Roman Catholic, but listens devoutly as we speak of the *only Saviour*, and remind her of St. Peter's words that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." As we stand on the staircase landing we hear a woman's voice on the floor above pleading with the landlord, whom she sadly puzzles by asking "whether he can get blood out of a stone?" Apparently he has not yet discovered the necessary chemical process, for he leaves her with a growl, descends the stairs with immense self-importance, and goes away. A man who has just left a leg behind him in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, tells us how well he was cared for in that noble establishment. "If I had been a king, sir, they couldn't have treated me better." He was formerly in the 60th Rifles, but was discharged, in consequence of an accident, without a pension. His wife is dead, and his mother keeps his room for him. He has a son, an honest, willing boy of fourteen, who cannot get work, because he has neither clothes nor shoes to go out in. They suffer great privations: how they live at all is a mystery. The poor father is worn to a shadow—so far as he is concerned the mystery will soon be ended.

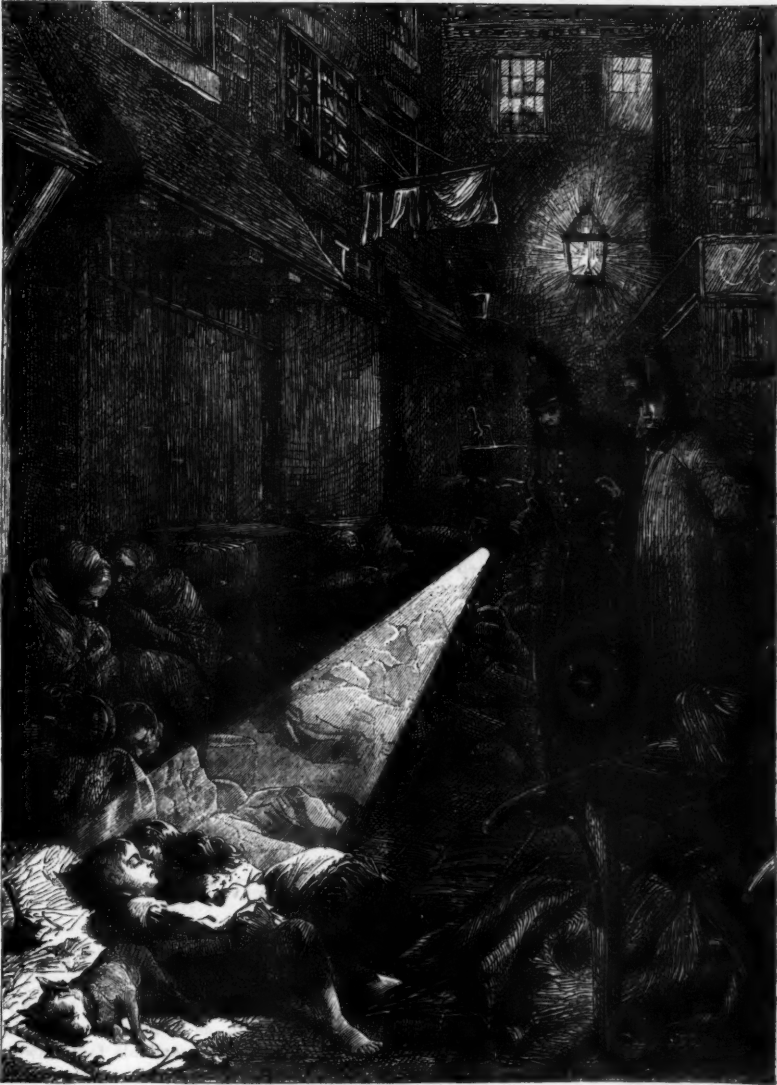
We had seen Newport Market several times reeking in the glare of the summer's sun, and were anxious to observe it beneath the softening veil of a summer's night. Accordingly, a little while ago, we left home about 11 p.m. and alighting from an omnibus at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, wended our way to our destination on foot. Outside the railing of St. Giles's Church there was a considerable crowd, watching for the reappearance of a ghost, which—so popular rumour asserted—had been seen walking in the churchyard several nights in succession. The police, however, were not so impressed by the supernatural visitation as they ought to have been. "It's all a plant of them young thieves, sir," said an intelligent officer; "and while the people stand gaping and staring through the palisading for the ghost that won't come, they'll lose all they have about 'em.—Move on there, ye young scamps, will ye?"

The gin-palaces in the Seven Dials were still doing a good trade, although many of their customers, a little overcome by their copious libations, were sleeping on the different doorsteps, or lying at full length on the pavement. When we reached Newport Market it was nearly midnight, and the cries of the butchers—"What'll ye buy—what'll ye buy?" were becoming faint and few. The meat was evidently at a discount, and we should not have been surprised had we received a handsome offer to take some of the joints away. A little farther on, the proprietors of the fruit-stalls were packing up to go home, and we were glad to see a scavenger's cart in the street, and the men at work, throwing up the heaps of garbage. Two young women were fighting, and, for a wonder, a policeman was at hand; but he was asked by a considerate female bystander not to interfere, for it was "only two sisters having a little family quarrel like atween themselves." "Then let them have it at home," was his reply, as he dragged them from each other.

Newport Market proper was almost as silent as the grave; with the exception of two old women "croning" together on a doorstep, we did not see one person awake; but as for the sleepers, they were so numerous that, in some places, it was difficult to avoid stepping upon them. Men, women, and children were lying on the pavement, in the gutter, in the narrow roadway, on their barrows, on the heaps of decaying fish and vegetable matters, and in the doorways and passages of the houses. It was strange to see them slumbering thus, with their unkempt hair and ragged clothing: and yet any place in the open air must have been better than their close, foul, vermin-infested rooms on such a night, and after such a day. Some of them had their hands clenched, and were muttering in their sleep, as though in their "night-thoughts" they were contending with a foe; but the greater part of the sleepers were in a state of profound unconsciousness. The hard features of the roughest men seemed softened, the wasted cheeks of the women had regained something of their appearance in youth; while, notwithstanding that they lay in the kennel, the upturned faces of the little children looked, beneath the solemn, silent midnight sky, like the countenances of sleeping angels.

We cannot close the paper without referring to the Newport Market Refuge, which is under the same roof as the slaughter-houses already spoken of, in which the homeless poor may obtain a night's shelter, with supper and breakfast; while, in many instances, still further assistance is rendered. The premises are not very well adapted to this purpose, but the best is made of them, and they are kept very clean. The inmates sleep in hammocks stretched about two feet from the ground;





(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

NEWPORT MARKET BY NIGHT.

their supper consists of eight ounces of bread and a cup of coffee, and the same rations are served out for breakfast; while they have good accommodation for washing, &c. The prayers of the Church of England are read night and morning, and a suitable address is given by one of the chaplains. A man or woman may be received for seven successive nights; and if they want work or clothes, the necessary help is afforded them. During the past year 18,707 nights' lodgings have been given, and 46,059 rations distributed; while 485 men and women have been placed in situations, and 46 girls in penitentiaries. It is thought by many that the doctrinal tendencies of the managers of this institution are somewhat high, and the neighbours do not hesitate to speak of them boldly as Puseyites; indeed, we were surprised to see a crucifix and some candles in a small room, apparently fitted up

as an oratory. We cannot, however, but wish that other sections of the Christian community were as ready to act upon the motto of the Newport Market Refuge: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was a stranger, and ye took me in," believing that its founders and friends, however wrong they may be in some points, are animated by the charity that "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things,"  
H. B. I.

[Mr. Schulkins, Superintendent of the South London Refuge, wishes to acknowledge the receipt of thirty-six stamps, sent in aid of that institution from "A Reader of THE QUIVER."—We regret that we cannot continue to acknowledge these contributions; and would venture to suggest to our readers that they would, though not so directly, as surely relieve as much of the misery of the Deeper Depth, by helping to augment the Orphan-Home Fund now in progress.—Ed. Q.]

### MONTGOMERY.

**M**ONTGOMERY HILL is high and steep  
And desolate and lonely;  
Nettles, and thistles, and briars creep  
Over its bosom only.

Montgomery Castle is on the steep,  
Montgomery town is under;  
And the crumbling walls of the castle keep  
Are only a wreck and wonder.

In the shade of those ruined walls I've stood,  
And heard the river, faintly,  
Swooning at sunset, sing in the wood  
Of things that are pure and saintly.

And the bearded woods sang back again  
An anthem to the river,  
Like the voices of holy martyred men  
Whose deeds live on for ever.

I've stood and listened till all my soul,  
Alive with subtle fancy,  
Seemed lifted out of my own control  
By some wonderful necromancy.

And the woods grew dark with squire and knight,  
With crest, and shield, and sabre;  
For every man held his own by might,  
And lived in fear of his neighbour.

And many a time in the vale below,  
The laugh of the strong, relying  
On a cunning hand and a ready blow,  
Was lost in the wail of the dying.

And I thought how much better it was to see  
The peaceful swooning river,  
And to hear the songs she sings to me  
In the green, green woods for ever.

B. WOLLASTON.

### DEEPDALE VICARAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN."

#### CHAPTER LXXII.

REGINALD CHAUNCEY'S SET.

**I**F Chauncey does not come back soon,  
I shall emigrate!"

"I wish you would do something, Sir Peter, it does not much signify what,"  
replied his aunt, testily.

Miss Barbara Silcox, aunt to Sir Peter Silcox, was getting tired of hearing the complaints of her nephew on this head.

Sir Peter, being in the flower of his youth, and having a large fortune and a brilliant circle of friends, ought, in the nature of the case, to have been one of the happiest and most contented men

alive. The world, if it had wished to point out a man born, as the old saying is, with a silver spoon in his mouth, might have pointed out Sir Peter. Yet to look at him, as he lounges about the room, his hands in his pockets, and his face drawn up into wrinkles, you would not have been disposed to agree with the world at all. You would have said that Sir Peter was a man to be pitied. And so he was, in one respect. In himself he had no resources whatever, and one is disposed to regard such an individual with compassion.

Sir Peter depended for amusement on his associates. When they were at hand, it was well with him. But if, from any cause, they were absent, and

he was compelled to do without them, then came that chronic malady with which he was tortured—*ennui*.

"What is a fellow to do?" continued he, gazing ruefully out of the window. It had rained for three consecutive days, and rained then. "It's such a bore, Chauncey being gone!"

"I would advertise, if I were you," said Miss Barbara, sharply.

She was a lady not yet past the prime of life, but old enough to wear false ringlets, and a tinge of rouge. She had been handsome, and was certainly rich. People often wondered how it was that Miss Barbara had remained single. Perhaps a solution to this problem might have been found in the fact that Miss Barbara had a quick temper and a sharp tongue.

"For my part," added Miss Barbara, angrily, "if I had known that you intended to grumble all the time I was here, I would not have come."

"I am very sorry," replied the young man, apologetically; "but I am so lost without Chauncey. He knows how to help a fellow kill time; and that's such a blessing!" added Sir Peter, with a sigh.

Ah! Sir Peter, who had better step outside the brilliant circle in which you live, and see what life is beyond it—life made up of struggling, suffering, sorrowing! It may be, you would then discover why this heavy commodity of time was given you. It may be, you would learn a lesson of how to use the precious gift—not remorselessly to kill it!

But he had never stepped beyond the circle; and he did not know.

Miss Barbara uttered a few words of expostulation, and then took up her book; Sir Peter stood lounging at the window. Presently, he uttered a deep groan.

Miss Barbara looked up again. "Why cannot you find something to do?" asked she, in a tone of irritation.

"Don't be angry, aunt. It rains, and I'm by myself," said he, meekly. He was generally meek to his Aunt Barbara.

"By yourself!"—and her eye sparkled with indignation—"by yourself, when I am with you!"

"So you are, aunt, and I am sure I am much obliged to you; but, you see—no disrespect whatever—but you are not Reginald Chauncey!"

His aunt laughed. It was scarce possible to help it, at the young man's absurdity. But, happily, the woes of Sir Peter Silcox were coming to an end.

The butler at this moment entered, and quietly made his way to his master.

"If you please, Sir Peter, you're wanted."

"Wanted! eh! what?" cried the baronet, waking up at the welcome sound; "who wants me?"

The butler was, all the time, handing a silver waiter to his master, on which lay a card; a card edged with the most profound and startling black.

"He said he wished to see you in private," returned the butler. But his master heard him not.

He was hurrying, with an impetuosity scarcely to be credited, towards the study.

The name upon the card was that of Reginald Chauncey.

Miss Barbara, roused from her book by her nephew's burst of excitement, had vainly attempted to make out what was the matter. Failing in doing so, she rose, and picked up the card which had fallen on the floor.

"So," said she, scanning it narrowly, "Reginald Chauncey has come at last. I wonder what he is like!"

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### THE MOURNING SUIT.

"WELL, my dear fellow, what in the world has happened to you?" cried Sir Peter, shaking his friend cordially by the hand. "On my word, I thought I should have to run away: there's no getting through one's time without Reginald Chauncey!"

If the reader supposes that the magnificent Reginald descended, at any time, to the manners of a sycophant, he is mistaken. His way of receiving the young man's salutation was, on the contrary, patronising.

"I have been much engaged just lately," replied he, withdrawing his white hand from Sir Peter's grasp, and arranging his cravat.

"Have you?—those blood-suckers, I suppose, eh?"

By this epithet he designated the men with whom Mr. Twist had lately effected a compromise, and to whom the fascinating Reginald was about to pay half-a-crown in the pound.

"I was not thinking of that," replied Mr. Chauncey. "Nor is it particularly pleasant to be reminded of it, Sir Peter."

"I am sure I beg your pardon! I did not mean to hurt your feelings," said the young man, hastily, and in a tone of apology.

Reginald Chauncey waved his hand in token of forgiveness. Next, he took out his cambric handkerchief. He had seated himself in the easy chair, as though he had a right to the best accommodation the place afforded.

Sir Peter was balancing himself on a high stool just opposite. He was unfeignedly delighted to see his friend again.

"I hope you are quite well, Chauncey," said he, unable, at the moment, to light upon any other mode of expressing his joy.

"Quite well in health, Sir Peter; in mind——"

He paused, and Sir Peter looked down. He thought Mr. Chauncey's feelings were still pained by the unfortunate allusion to the bailiffs.

"I am sure if I could have done anything," he began; but the unusual solemnity of Reginald's look stopped him. Indeed, when the handkerchief was raised to the eyes of his friend, the young man was struck with astonishment.

"Good gracious, Chauncey! what is the matter?"

Reginald did not immediately reply. Off the stage, there could not have been witnessed a mere consummate piece of acting!

When he had applied the handkerchief to eyes, that,

on this score at least, had never known a tear, he said, "I have had a most distressing bereavement."

"Good gracious, Chauncey!" again exclaimed the young baronet, who had no great choice of language, "what is the matter?"

Again the white handkerchief fluttered gracefully before Sir Peter, and, looking down, his handsome face expressive of profound disconsolateness, Reginald Chauncey whispered, "I have lost my wife."

"Oh! is that——"

"Ah," he was about to say, for we know in what esteem Reginald Chauncey's wife had been held by her husband's set. But Reginald's well-sustained grief caused him, in haste, to substitute another form of speech.

"I am very sorry to hear it."

Reginald smiled mournfully. It was the smile of a man, who, though suffering, is resigned.

Sir Peter astonished, and not a little bewildered, sat gazing at his friend. At length, as if he felt himself expected to say something, he jerked out, "Very sudden, Chauncey, wasn't it?"

Reginald withdrew the handkerchief, and holding it ready for immediate use, replied that his late lamented partner had been, for some time, in a declining state of health—a circumstance which had caused him the deepest uneasiness.

Sir Peter, oppressed by the solemnity of the occasion, and the unexpected appeal to his sympathies, stared more blankly still. It was a new light, this, in which the despised wife of Reginald Chauncey was being held up to view.

"I can never sufficiently estimate the excellent qualities of my dear partner," continued Reginald, "or too much regret the circumstances that compelled me to be absent from her on that trying occasion. In fact, my bereavement has been of a most distressing nature. Whether I shall ever——"

He paused—overcome by his emotion or not, Sir Peter could not discover: the handkerchief prevented him. For a few minutes he remained still gazing at his friend, and quite at a loss what to say, or to do. At length he exclaimed, as if glad to find any diversion from the subject, "I say, Chauncey, how is it you're not in black?"

Reginald's face relaxed, in spite of himself, into something like a smile.

"There has not been time," said he, shaking his head; "I regret to say it, my tailor has gone out of business."

"No! has he, though? What a pity!"

Reginald smiled mournfully. His smile seemed to say, "What are these trifling ills to me?"

"What a pity!" continued Sir Peter, eagerly. "He was such a capital fit. What shall you do?"

"I don't know; I have hardly thought."

The fact was, Reginald Chauncey's tailor, having been a considerable loser by that magnificent gentleman's failure, had declined the honour of his patronage for the future.

"I say, Chauncey!" exclaimed Sir Peter, anxious to divert his friend's mind from the subject that

seemed to engross it, "I wish you would try my tailor: he's first-rate, you know!"

"Ah! Sir Peter, I begin to think of retiring——"

"Nonsense! What can I do without you, pray?" asked Sir Peter, sharply.

"After all that has transpired——"

"Hold your tongue, I tell you! I say, now, will you go to my tailor's?"

Reginald Chauncey's face was clearing up unmis-  
takably.

"I am sure you are very kind——"

"Do then, there's a good fellow. I'll go with you myself. It will be something for me to do, and what a blessing that will be!" added the young man, with a sigh of relief.

Reginald thought it his duty to sigh too, and most profoundly.

"And then you will come back to dinner, and I'll introduce you to my aunt. She's tired of hearing me talk about you."

"I am afraid, Sir Peter, that in the state of——"

"And we'll be in town in an hour's time," said Sir Peter, ringing the bell. "We'll drive."

Sir Peter was in what he called one of his *little places*, within an easy run of the metropolis.

Reginald made no reply. He put aside his handkerchief, and was solemnly preparing for his journey. His whole mien and deportment was that of a man who has done with this world, and its pomps and vanities, for ever.

A few evenings after, in a new suit of the most stylish mourning, he was in the midst of his own set, in Sir Peter's drawing-room, as handsome and as well got up as ever.

"Decidedly the most agreeable man I have ever met with!" said Miss Barbara.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### MR. TWIST'S SUGGESTION.

"WELL, my good friend and client, I am glad to see you amongst us again!"

The individual who spoke was Solomon Twist, and the client was Reginald Chauncey. Reginald Chauncey, in his fine new suit, of the deepest dye, his hat covered with crape, and everything about him intended to show to the world the disconsolate state into which the loss of his wife had plunged him.

Solomon Twist regarded him with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, and a slight play about the corners of his mouth. Yet he stood in some awe of his client. Reginald Chauncey had the art of commanding the submission, if not the respect, of others. His face, as he sat in Mr. Twist's office, was not that of the gay Reginald Chauncey, the life and soul of his set, without whom no one could kill time fast enough. It was puckered up, and had lines and marks that he seemed, on other occasions, to have the art of smoothing away. In fact, he looked decidedly out of temper.

Mr. Twist was always cautious how he irritated his



client; but as the silence was getting tedious, he could not refrain from breaking it.

"Well?" said he, interrogatively—as if he had said, "My time is precious, and business must be attended to, Mr. Chauncey; the sooner the better."

At the sound of the word, Reginald looked up.

"Well," repeated he, peevishly, "you know what I'm come about;" and he took up the poker, and began to hammer at a lump of coal that blocked up the front of the fire.

"Of course I do, Mr. Chauncey. Money matters, I suppose," said the lawyer, briskly.

"Confound them!" muttered Reginald Chauncey, hammering savagely at the coal.

"Nay, nay; it might have been a great deal worse! You owe me something on that head, Mr. Chauncey. I have never taken such trouble before—not for anybody; and, what's more, I never will again!"

"You can please yourself about that," replied Reginald, sulkily.

"Come, come, my good friend, be civil," said Mr. Twist, persuasively.

Reginald Chauncey did not vouchsafe any reply to this speech.

"Now, Mr. Chauncey," said the Jew lawyer, in the tone of a man resolved to go into business details, whether or no, "I beg pardon for the question—but really it is very important to know—how are you intending to live?"

"I intend to leave England," replied Reginald, curtly.

Oh, indeed! travel abroad? Well, I've no objection. But—again excuse the question—how are you to get the means?"

"That matter must come under your consideration, Mr. Twist."

"Indeed, you labour under a mistake there, my friend," replied the lawyer, quickly; "a very great mistake! I cannot advance you another shilling!"

Reginald started from his chair with an ejaculation we need not repeat.

"Come, come; take it easy," said Mr. Twist, soothingly. "A man of your brilliant accomplishments can never be at a loss. There are several ways open to you."

"You had best name them," said Reginald, resuming his seat.

"One would think your old resources might serve you another turn."

"If you mean betting, and so forth, I am tired of it. It has been a losing game lately."

"Has it? Well, Fortune's wheel goes round. Try again."

Reginald shook his head.

"Mr. Twist," said he, "I am getting an old man. Yes, I am"—for the lawyer held up his hands in a deprecatory manner. "I don't mind saying it, between you and me. I want a snug place abroad, and something comfortable to live on."

"Nothing more reasonable, I am sure. But you see your bit of capital is sunk. It wouldn't have held out so long but for me."

Reginald made a gesture of impatience.

"There are plenty of appointments to be had," suggested Mr. Twist, delicately; "but you don't like work."

"Work! I should think not. I work!" cried Reginald, disdainfully.

"Of course—of course! You naturally would not like to do it. I didn't suppose you would. But still the point in hand is the same. How are you to live?"

"Without money?" suggested Reginald Chauncey.

"Exactly. There is one other way open to you. I should have mentioned it before, only I thought"—and he glanced at the full suit of black with a half smile.

"You thought what? I wish you would speak out!" cried Reginald, who was in one of his worst humours.

"Well, then, why don't you marry again?"

"Marry again! Good gracious, Twist!" and Reginald Chauncey roused from his apathy, stared full at the Jew lawyer.

"Precisely. Marry a woman with money."

Reginald stared a few minutes longer; then his face relaxed into a more pleasant expression that it had worn during the whole interview.

"You are a clever man, a handsome man, a man for society. Society adores you. Let it find you a wife."

"Really Mr. Twist—"

"I am sure of it," exclaimed the Jewish practitioner, getting more and more into the pith of the subject. "You have rich women in your set, why not do one of them the honour to make her Mrs. Reginald Chauncey?"

"Stop, Twist, hush! you are going too far," said Reginald, in an altered voice.

Hard, selfish, worldly as the man was, the name woke a lingering echo of the past; of a careworn face and sunken eyes, of a voice that never spoke to him but in accents of affection; of a tender heart faithful and true, that had not long since ceased to beat! It was a transient emotion: had it lasted longer, it might have softened his callous nature; but it faded like a morning cloud, and then the man's nature asserted itself. He began to console himself with the favourite dogma of his set. Had she not, poor woman, been very inferior to him? the last sort of person he ought to have married! He would not make reflections—it would be ungenerous and unkind. But she was gone, and he was mourning for her, in the best and newest broadcloth.

There was something in Twist's suggestion. He was in desperate straits, and he could not be expected to remain a widower for ever.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

"IT WAS FRANK CHAUNCEY WHO LET THE VILLAIN GO." LADY LANDON stood in her boudoir, attired ready for an evening party.

Love of dress could not be said to be her foible, yet no one in the county was ever known to come

forth, on fitting occasions, with such extraordinary magnificence. She was clad in a robe of rich brocade, with a train like that of an empress. A diamond necklace was clasped round her throat, and on her arms sparkled jewels of immense value. Altogether, her appearance could not fail to produce, wherever she might be intending to go, a decided effect.

Opposite to her, in a dress so simple that it contrasted strangely with the splendour of her imperial mother, her sweet face pale, and even tearful, was Lucy.

Alas, poor child! her bright visions had already been threatened by a cloud. That fatal interview between Frank Chauncey and the countess was likely to bring forth bitter fruits.

Lucy had not been invited to the brilliant assembly whither Lady Landon was about to carry her jewels and her finery. The assembly was given by one of those county neighbours who, as yet, had hardly attained to the knowledge of her existence.

"Now, Lucy," said the countess, with the air of one anxious to break up a troublesome conference, and pouring, as she spoke, some eau-de-Cologne on her handkerchief, "it's of no use saying any more; you are a little goose, child, and have made a regular blunder!"

"Mamma, do but hear me!" cried Lucy, in a tone of distress.

"My dear, I have heard and seen enough," replied the countess, drily.

"Mamma," cried Lucy, a rosy blush suffusing her face as she spoke, "you are mistaken if you think—indeed, mamma, he does—love—me."

As she said it, the colour dyed her face and neck with crimson.

"He does love me!" she repeated: the memory of that last blissful interview rising, fresh and vivid, before her. What had happened since she knew not. She only knew that, during these few weeks' absence, her heart had rested on the thought of Frank's affection; that she had been lulled into a sweet security; that she had anticipated the future with joy hitherto unknown; that, on her return, she had looked out, first of all, for the kind, genial face and loving eyes of him on whom her hopes depended; that she had wondered why Frank came not. But still, she had never doubted him—oh, no! not a single moment. She could have staked her very life on his integrity!

Not so the countess. The countess, on the other hand, doubted him considerably.

She was offended with him. Her pride was wounded. Was it for this that she, the mistress of Deepdale, had stooped her dignity?—had compromised her daughter?—had flung her pearls down to be trampled on—that he might reject her magnanimous advances, and rush from her presence like a madman?

No, indeed! Not so was the Big Countess to be dealt with. The pearls should be gathered up, the advances retracted. Frank Chauncey should learn what it was to stir up the wrath of the Landons!

But Lady Landon was still tender with Lucy. She had not forgotten the past. On the contrary, it held

her imperiousness in strong and wholesome check. She did but hint to the girl that she might be mistaken. At any rate, Frank's behaviour had led her to that supposition. A few drops of cold water, it was necessary to throw on the ardour of Lucy's affection.

When Lucy's affection waxed all the hotter for the opposition, the countess was angry. She hated argument, and her carriage must be ready. She wanted to break off the subject.

"Lucy," said she, "just throw my cloak over my shoulders, will you? There, that will do. When you are quite well, my dear, I intend to bring you out; it is time you began to see the world."

"But mamma—"

"And, my dear, I'll trouble you to ring, and then when I am gone, I should advise you to take your medicine, and go to bed: that's the best place for you," said the countess, dogmatically. Lucy walked slowly across the room, her eyes filling with tears. Heavily loomed the cloud that overhung her once happy sky!

Ere she had time to ring, a clattering noise was heard upon the stairs. Then the door was flung open as wide as it would go, and in rushed Phillimore Roderic Patrick Landon.

"I say, mamma—"

"Phil!" said the countess, startled and incensed, how dare you rush in in that way? Where are your manners, you rude boy?"

"I say, mamma—"

"Keep off, Phil! I'm going out. I have not a minute. Ring the bell, Lucy."

"Don't, Lucy—don't. Stop! stop! stop!" shouted, Phil, vehemently, his eyes flashing with excitement. "I've seen him! I've seen him!"

"Seen who? I'll send you to school to-morrow, you wicked lad, to be kept on bread and water!"—for he had rushed up to her, and laid firm hold of her dress.

"Mamma! hear me! I have seen the man who stole the old vicar's money!"

"What?"

Her hand had tightly grasped his, in order to unloose her splendid brocade. Now, she let go her hold.

"What, Phil, what?" And the colour leaped into her face, and her eyes were bright and eager as his were.

"The villain that took the money! I've seen him!" shouted the boy—"I've seen him!"

The countess sat down deliberately. Her frame trembled with excitement. For was not this a point on which, from the highest to the lowest, it was easy to stir the whole village of Deepdale to its centre? Would not the very heart of Deepdale leap forward at the sound of the words?

"Now, Phil," said she, trying to speak calmly, "I don't leave this room till you've made me understand what you mean. What is it?"

The boy, hot and furious, incoherent in his rage and disappointment, had some difficulty in laying the facts with any degree of clearness before her. At

length, he did so. What he did say amounted merely to suspicion. There was no conclusive evidence, nor could there be, until Frank Chauncey had come forward and made it so.

Frank Chauncey! who, as Phil vehemently declared, had been false to him, and had let the villain go!

He would have said more, but that a soft hand closed his lips. It was Lucy—Lucy, pale as death, save where a spot of crimson burned in either cheek.

"Phil," cried she, pained and displeased beyond measure, "I will not have you say a word against Mr. Chauncey."

"I will!" continued Phil, struggling loose from the hand; "I will! what right had Mr. Chauncey to let him go? I told him he was the man!"

"Told him, Phil?" said the countess, eagerly, and with a curious expression in her face.

"Yes, mamma; and he made me promise not to tell."

"Who made you promise—the man?"

"No, no! Mr. Chauncey. Mr. Chauncey knew all along!"

The curious expression grew more marked in the countenance of Lady Landon.

"It was very wicked, mamma; it made me tell him he was as bad as the man who had taken the money."

Again the soft hand was laid on his lips; again the white face with its crimson spots rose up against him.

"Phil, you shall not say such things of Mr. Chauncey."

"I don't care, Lucy! I will speak, and nobody shall prevent me. I will tell all Deepdale that Frank Chauncey has let the villain go!"

The quick eye of the countess glanced at her daughter with a triumphant expression. Then her look passed over to Phil. She rose from her seat, and drew her cloak round her.

"Phil," said she, imperiously, "I desire that you say not another word; but get to your Greek, and let Lucy alone."

"Greek!" and Phil laughed derisively. His mother had not the slightest clue to the management of him. "Greek! when I mean to hunt the villain down, and never stop until I've found him! Greek, indeed! Greek!"

(To be continued.)

## NELLIE'S FIRST PRAYER.

**L**ITTLE Nelly Gray lived in the north of England, in one of those busy cities full of great factories, where they make the neat cotton stuffs which are worn all over the world. Nellie's earliest memory was of being carried in her father's arms, and seeing the huge black houses with their rows of gaslit windows, rising, as it seemed, almost to the star-sprinkled sky. Since then she had been over the factory where her father worked, and had heard of the countries whence the cotton plant came, and of the poor negroes who gathered it.

Nellie's mother had lived at a country farm until she married, and so she had pleasant things to tell her little girl about sweet blossomy lanes and breezy hills, and Nellie had pictures of them in her mind, though she had seen nothing more countrified than little town-gardens. Nellie's mother was a good woman, who made the home quite a sunshiny place; and if you had peeped into their little sitting-room on any Sunday afternoon, and seen the father with Nellie on his knee, and the great Bible before him, and the mother nursing the baby, and listening whilst he read, I am sure you would have liked to make one of the party.

Nellie's father was often at work until too late for his little girl to wait up for him. At these times Nellie gave her mother two kisses, one for herself, and one for "dear father;" but she liked it best when he was at home to take it himself, though it was also a pleasure to wake, as she sometimes did, and watch him eat his supper, and listen while he talked to mother, and then fall asleep again, and

hear his voice in her dreams. But one night, when she had thus gone to bed before his return, she was awakened by a dreadful noise of shouts and running in the street. For a minute Nellie was sadly frightened, but she was presently comforted by hearing her mother's step. Mrs. Gray had been to speak to some one at the door, and came in with the candle in her hand. Nellie thought her face was very white, and also that there was a strange light in the room.

"What is the matter, mother?" she asked, creeping out of bed into her lap.

"My little girl must be quiet and brave," said the mother, gently, "for God can take care of dear father; but the factory is on fire—it is its flames which make the room so light."

Nellie could not lie down again. Once or twice Mrs. Gray went to the street-door to hear what she could from the crowd, but it was all bad news; the fire was growing worse and worse. Some of the workpeople were said to be still in the building, and the rest were risking their lives to get them out.

"You must go inside, Nellie," said her mother; "you will catch cold at the door. I will promise to come to you directly I hear anything of father."

Nellie was obedient: she crept back, and sat on her little bed. Of course she knew about death, but she had not felt how near it is to us all, and her little heart was ready to break with fear lest she should never again see dear father. Nellie was a very little girl, and had not yet learned her own helplessness, for that is a lesson which the oldest and wisest know best. When her mother was tired she had

trotted about for her; when her father wanted an errand fetched, she had been always ready, but now she could do nothing at all!

Nellie remembered her father had said God could do anything if it were his will. Every night and morning her mother had heard her repeat the Lord's Prayer, and ask God "to bless her dear father and mother, and little Tom." But Nellie had never quite felt that God heard her, or that it mattered whether he did so or not. Do not be too much shocked at the little girl: many much older than seven years say their prayers, but do not know how to pray.

But now, as Nellie knelt on her little bed, though for a minute or two her sobs choked her words, she felt that God was not far off, but quite near, and that he could even hear the prayer she could not speak. And presently she grew a little calmer, and was able to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven, keep dear father safe," though it seemed almost hard to go on to "thy will be done." And then she lay down on her bed, and cried, and prayed, and listened, until, in utter weariness, she fell asleep.

When she awoke it was broad day, and the linnet in the cage by the window was chirping merrily. Mrs. Gray was busy about the fire, and as Nellie saw her still pale face, she remembered all that had happened in the night; and being too frightened to

ask at once about her father, she made a little stir to catch her mother's notice.

"What! you are awake, Nellie," said Mrs. Gray, turning to her. "The terrible time is over, and dear father has been home, and gone out again, but he will be here presently. So get up, and have a smiling face ready to meet him—poor tired father!"

Nellie jumped up, and helped to spread the breakfast, and the linnet's cage was lifted down to the table that birdie might be fed, and all the good story was told over and over again to it and little Tom; and the one understood it about as much as the other, and received it with sundry crows and chirps, because Nellie's face smiled and her tone was merry!

And then through the open window a cheerful voice shouted, "Hallo, little ones!" and mother held Tom to say "good morning" to "dear father," and Nellie scrambled up beside her. And father came in and they all knelt down and thanked God for saving him from the great red flames! Then they had breakfast, and breakfast had never been so nice, though, in the confusion, the children's milk was only half boiled, and father forgot to wash his hands before he cut the bread!

But little Nellie never forgot when she first "spoke" to God, and many and many a time since, not only in trouble, but in comfort and joy, she has done the same.

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